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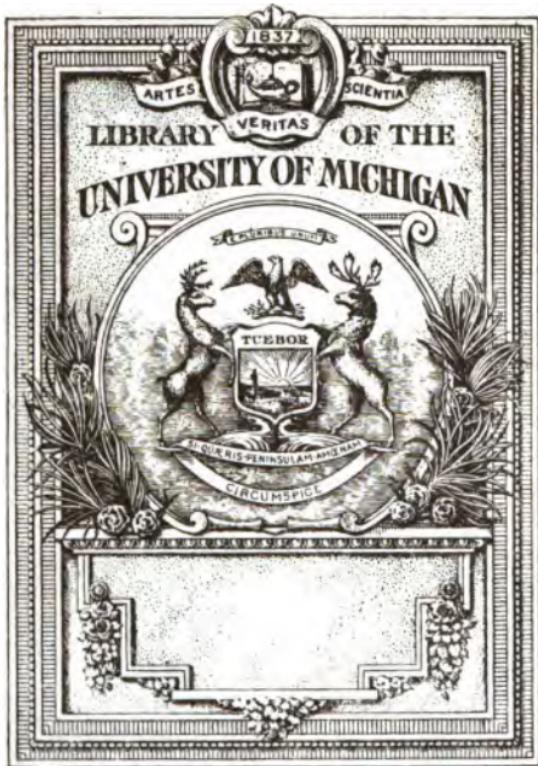
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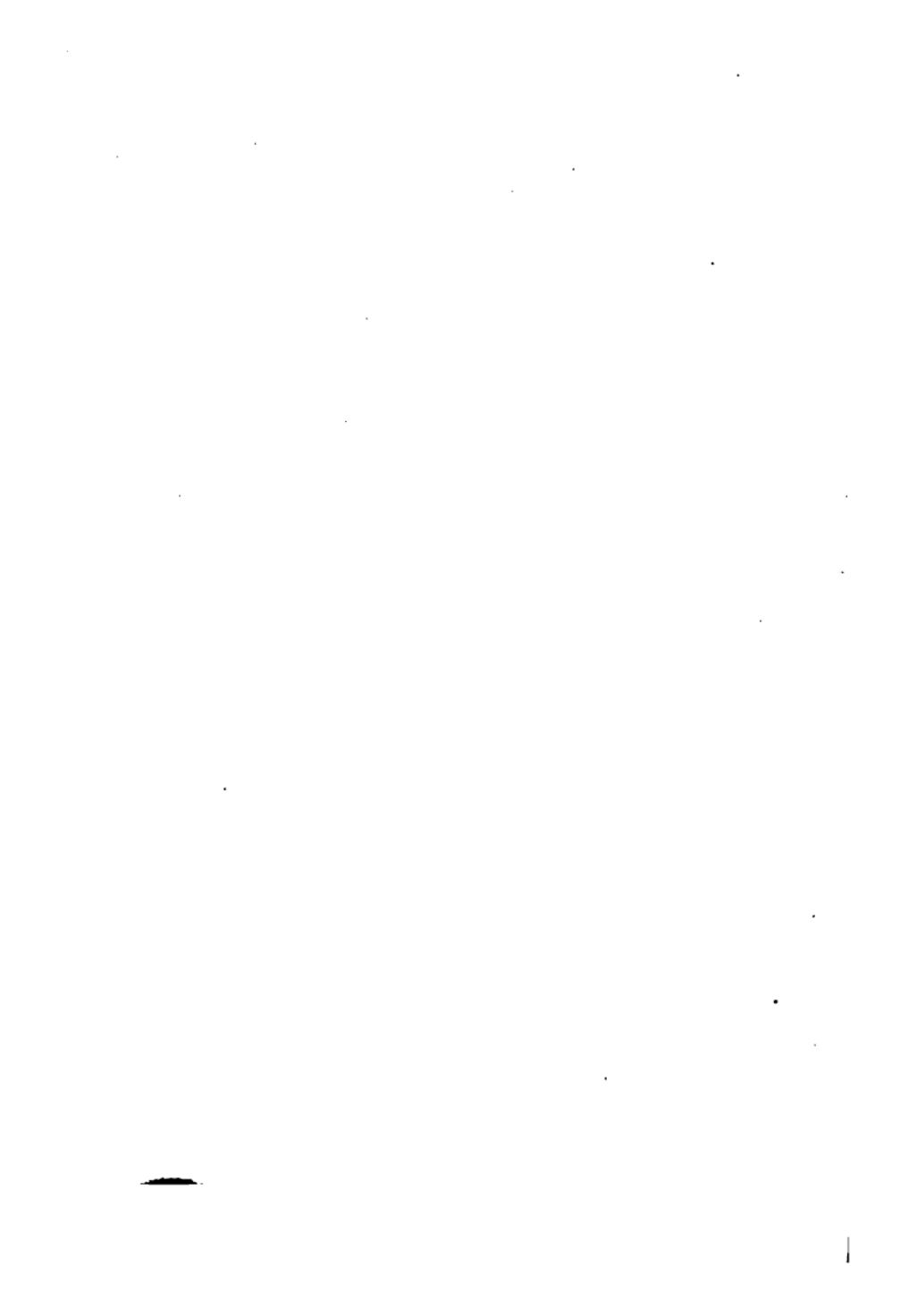
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In the Name of the King

BY

George Hingle *and*

Author of "Make Thy Way Mine"

Georgiana Holmes



New York

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MUSIC OF THE UNSEEN.

WHETHER the north wind sings its dirge,
Or waters, as they surge,
Utter their harmonies; whether strings sigh
When winds sweep by,
Or when some spirit bends above to tell
Its rhythmic utterances,—the spell
Of music touches Nature at her heart, and lays
Her under tribute. The maze
Of time throbs into melody from place to place,
Forgets that discords interlace
The wavering lines of life, and changes thought
woven of sighs
To sacrifice
Of praise and sweet content.
If music, bent to lower needs of man,—rent,

MUSIC OF THE UNSEEN.

And so fallen,— be divine in influence, and sweet,
Cheering as some illumining beam, replete
 In benison, what must await
Us in surprise and ravishment of sense, where life
 may sate
Itself in all perfected things? Time's music is so
 sweet,
 Heard ever and above the dirge,
 The clash of arms, the surge
 Of passions, and the cries
 Of anguish startled to surprise,—
 What must heaven's music be,
 Replete in all perfected harmony?

LOVE'S JEWEL.

A SLEEP; at rest;
No sob repressed
Upon his lips; no sigh;
No startled cry;
Yet human woe
Swept round it but an hour ago.

So still and fair;
Love kisses all its waves of hair,
But would not wake
The life again for Love's sweet sake,
Though Anguish plead,
Bowed down so low to intercede,
And cannot tell
What all woe's letters join to spell.

Love is so true,
So brave; what could she do
To give such sleep,
Her own to keep
From sin and woe?
She cannot go
Just yet to see the glad, sweet face,
Touched with its wondrous glory in God's dwelling-
place,
Or stand erect, perhaps, beneath the blow
Which woundeth so,
Or would she kiss awake
The baby eyes for Love's sweet sake.

TIRED ONES.

SO tired;
Such weary mothers, love-inspired,
But worn with love's demands,
Until the trembling hands
Falter above their tasks and stay,
While white lips pray.
So spent, undone;
On guard above each little one,
As though each dying day
Carried no tired mothers far away
From their fond world; and so
They fain would go,
Bent to love's least behest,—
A child clasped to the breast.

TIRED ONES.

So weary, stooping low
Above sweet, sleeping faces, when the glow
Of twilight fades: but not so tired as they
 Who have no care all day
For loved ones, young or old; no cheeks to touch
 With kisses as they sleep, or such
 Sweet riches as love brings,
 Dearer than diadem of kings.
 The weariest hand
 Is empty, having no command
Of loving lips; no care of age or youth;
 No lips to call for it, in truth,
From purple dawn till night,—no wealth to hold
 Dearer than fretted gold.

THE DAY OF REST.

O SWEET, fair day of silence,
When echoes come and go,
Of voices praising Him the King,
Who died so long ago.

When all the crimsoned autumn,
Aflood with humid gold,
Seems whispering of Christ the King,
Who loved us from of old.

When sunlight's benediction
Lies wondrous to behold,
As though no sin had entered in
To stain its fretted gold;

THE DAY OF REST.

As though its mystic beauty
His loving hand confessed,
More dreamy fair on all the air,
This still, sweet day of rest;

As though in benediction
It brought us nearer heaven,
His face to see, His own to be,
Day sweetest of the seven.

COMPLETE IN HIM.

TIME is a loan.

We cannot claim to-morrow as our own,
Nor yet a single treasure held against the heart.

Clay from its idols yet must part,

Though they be given

A little while, to make more sweet the pathway leading up to heaven.

What can we touch,

And, yearning in love's ecstasy, exclaim, "So much
Is mine"? Mine it may be

As the fantasy

The wind sings is mine;

The amethyst of skies, divine

In their ethereal fairness; the beaten sea;

The flashes of infinity

In human souls; mine
As day and darkness. Love divine
Means us to be complete alone
In Him. To own
No treasure which can satisfy
A soul. He loans fair forms to gratify
And bless,—
Immortal spirits, to whom we may press
Close; hold fast
Awhile, but part with at the last.
And if beyond time's reign
We shall the fair forms find again
In their celestial glory, just the same
In all remembrance, yet God still must be
The dearest name in heaven; He gave Himself for thee.

THE BOON HE GAVE.

If you some boon had prayed,
The sweetest gift God ever laid
Within a hand to be her own;
If but to wish were seed thrown
On the winds, to come again and bless,
And you could bind Fate's wings to bring her only
tenderness,—
Would you be sad to-night?

If you had prayed Him choose
With love's infinitude, diffuse
The sweetest benediction where she trod,
As some fair spirit dedicate to God,
Could He your wish have given,
Could He have seen her shriven
Of every ill, and you been glad to-night?

If He has thought to give
The fair, bright crown, and bid her live
Without the cross, a ransomed soul
Brought quickly to the glad, free goal
 Men agonize to gain,
Reach after years, and scarce obtain,—
Should you be sad to-night?

OUR HERITAGE.

WHEN you are dead;
When some white lips have said
Their last good-by, and you are still,—
Life's work complete, no more to will
 Or do,—
What will be found that you
 Have left to grow
Springing where you have stepped, to show
That you have lived? Marking the way
 Across fair time, day after day,
We leave *ourselves* behind wherever we have stepped,
 A heritage to be kept
As flowers or weeds, which give themselves to die,
 Yet are not dead indeed. What seeds lie
Shed from out the gardens of *our* hearts, to grow
 For centuries? We sow

Ourselves. Just what we are will be produced in kind
For other lives to find
And multiply.
Our influence cannot die,
However we may pray, and dream mortality
Sows only mortal germs. Our destiny
Is shaped in part by lives which long ago
Strolled down the sands of time. For weal or woe
We live our humble lives, nor see
Results, nor think to be
More than but passing shadows, while along our way
We sow for immortality the livelong day.

IN RETROSPECT.

IF I were tried to-day;
Brought to my Judge, faced with the full array
 Of all my years, and tried,—
How would life's record look, unmystified
 By time's false breath?
 If death
Should claim me, cutting short to-day
 The course allowed, nor let me stay
 One single step to take
 For conscience' sake,—
 What would be left undone
Which was my part to do for Him? If this wan'd sun
 Should be for me the last,
 And I should look toward my past
 To see how I had spent
 Time's wealth of days, and bent

My way,
What would time's record say?
And could I leave complete
The tasks He laid before my feet?

COULD I FORGET?

OH, blood-stained cross of Calvary,
Along the waste of time,
 We turn to thee,
 Our Christ to see,
 Our Sacrifice Divine !

Oh, cross of Christ, the loving One,
Across the mists of years
 Thy radiance lies,
 And glorifies
 The shadowy land of tears !

Oh, wounded, wearied, dying Christ,
In anguish unconfessed,
 We know, we know
 Thy speechless woe
 Is part of love's behest !

Oh, pure, redeeming, holy One,
How bitter sin must be
To wound Thee so!
That barbèd woe
Was borne in part for me.

Could I forget the wounded Christ,
Or turn my face away,
When he who died,
My Crucified,
Looks toward me day by day?

Could I forget the lips which ask
All pardon for my sake,
Or ever try
To pass him by,
Who waits my hand to take?

THE REASON WHY.

SWEET flower,
Born for but one fleet morning hour;
Laid on a human breast, and made
So fragrant in life's incense; bade
To hold up sweet baby hands and take
Love's face between them,—heaven to make
Of time's fleet hour,—to stir
The wells of being deep, and blur
The eyes with tears for very rapture,—why, oh, why
· Were you but given to die?

How could such blue as lit those eyes fade so,
And rose-tints subtlest glow
Vanish as breaths which pass,
Staining an instant some detaining glass

Where Love has bent?
Such fairness is but lent
As some bewildering loveliness of sky,
Some hue of cloud, which, drifting by,
Whispered of rarer beauty, where unstained
The radiance of God remained.
So, fair one, you perchance were given
To lift eyes higher toward that heaven,
Where beauty stays
Immortal through all coming days,
And Love may go to find you there,
Where sweetest flowers grow doubly fair.

PERFECTED.

TOUCH her still heart.
It is so peaceful now, we will not weep, but part
The waves of gold above her face,
And bring her bridal robe of lace
To be her shroud. Lay lilies on her breast,
Cut in their radiant time; and lest
She stir, touch not the burning ring she kept,
Or that small circle braided in with love and words,
wept
Over as some hand which, held in hers
Might say "Aimée," and now but blurs
The eyes with tears to look on. Stay:
Sigh not to-day
When she sleeps so, and radiant in her rest,
With all her love confessed

In that still coldness of rare beauty, know
She triumphs, breaking from her woe
To wake in that celestial glory, where to be
Is life perfected,—immortality.

DEATH IS SLAIN.

CONQUEROR, risen from death's sleep,
And changed, once it was thine to weep
Above a sin-stained race,
For whom no place
In heaven was found,
Or hope, save in thy pity. Bound,
Death's fetters sunk into thy soul, and love
Paid sin's dread price, lifted above
The world on Calvary's cross to magnify
Love's name and die, —
God's subtlest mystery,
Too infinite and high
For finite ones to read.
Triumphant, conquering, freed
From Death's dread hand,
Thou comest royally and crowned to stand

Awakened, as from sleep, in strength and might
The wounds of time to heal, sin's bitterness to smite.

We cry
With adoration's lips : The Crucified comes
nigh,
Robed in his strength to meet
A prostrate world. Repeat
Your alleluias ! Christ who died,
The Sacrificed, and Crucified,
Has triumphed ; Death is slain :
The dead, our dead shall rise again ;—
The loved who fell asleep,
The ones we tried to keep,
At some fair Eastertide, our risen King
The ransomed to His home shall bring.

THE HAND ON THE WALL.

THE slender fingers of a woman's hand!
On Nature's battlements the fragments stand,
 Perhaps of Aztec ruins, while below
The waters of Rio de Chelley flow
 Through cañon rent
By surging, beating element,
Scoured on through distant heights to seek
The far-off seas, and here to speak
 From centuries past.
Pressed in the stuccoed wall is cast
 The imprint of a slender hand,—
A woman's,—some captive of the dusky band,
 Perhaps, who by the wall
Stood dreaming, sad. Crumbling fall
 The rocks ingulfed, and rent
To dust, since on her lips the hot breath came and
 went,

And lightly, or in woe,
She touched the untempered mortar so
With her fair hand,
And on the whitened sand
Her ashes centuries past were spread,
Where pyres were lighted for the dead.
Yet, lifted in its mute appeal,
The hand is there; and one may feel,
Amid the battlemented walls
And sculptured rocks, the palace halls
Of the deserted hills, alone, apart,
The beating of a human heart.

WHAT COULD WE SAY?

THE evening shadows deepen,
The hours of day are past,—
What have we done, since rise of sun,
To prove love standeth fast?

What thought of adoration ;
What gentle, Christ-like deed,
To prove we live ourselves to give
In thought and life indeed ?

What little spot is lighter
Or better any way,
Because we live, all light to give
Within our little day ?

If we should find Him standing
Beside us here to-night,
Oh, would there be a ray to see
Of love's unwavering light?

If we to-night should hear Him
Ask what our love had done
Through all the day, what could we say
To Christ, the loving One?

AS YOU CHOOSE.

LIGHT burneth through immensity;
But you can find a cloud and night,
 Dark zones where light
Is not. What will you try to find?
Curves subtile with infinity, all beauty undefined,
Or hard, straight lines? What would you choose
 To look for?—fair, pure things,
 Or every growth which brings
A pestilential breath? Look close and you will find,
 Developed in its kind,
Whatever you may seek; for though the fair path hold
 Rank weeds, and lines untold,—
So straight and hard,—and darkness too,
 Beauty is born anew

With every sun, and zones of light
Forget the night
In their transcendent joy, and what we see
Depends, to great extent, on what we be.

THE EARLY REAPED.

FLOWERS reaped early, while the dew
Is on them, day being new,
Know neither dust nor stain,
Or woe's refrain,
Or thirst:
Light kisses them the first,
And they are fair,
Because untouched by earth's stain anywhere.

Lives reaped while life is new and pure,
Unsullied, bright, mature
In fairness, and replete
With all that makes remembrance sweet;
Redeemed
Before sin's scar its way has seamed,

Or anguish scored its deep-drawn mark,
Or dealt its thrust amidst the dark ;
And they are fair,
Because untouched by earth's soil anywhere.

THE PRESSURE OF LOVE'S HAND.

LIFE'S day was all aflood with light,
Aglow life's golden sand;
Time's lips were gay
The livelong day,
Above was Love's true hand.

Life's breath was sweet as meadows are,
Where fair-faced wild flowers stand,
And hearts beat true
The whole day through,
Beneath Love's guarding hand.

Life's pathway lay beneath the sun,
Through time's luxurious land,
Where gems and gold
And light untold
Were scattered by Love's hand.

Young Life held up his eager face,
Flushed radiant 'neath the sheen
Of sun and air,
Bewildering, fair
As wings of time's best dreams.

Young Life held up his hands to take
The gold beams of the sun,
But shrunk away,—
The beams of day
Died swiftly, one by one.

Young Life shrunk, quivering, back aghast;
Time's radiant, mystic land
Had lost the sheen
His eyes had seen,—
Eyes blinded by Love's hand.

He groped to find the stepping-stones
Along the darkened way,
While human cries
And human sighs
Swept through the troubled day.

He groped to find Time's light again,
In anguish unexpressed.
A hand was laid,
With anguish weighed,
Upon his shrinking breast.

Young Life grew old with looking hard
Across the tear-stained land,
But came to know
The seeming woe
Was brought of Love's true hand.

Young Life grew old in breathing hard,
But came to understand
Love's weight at rest,
Upon his breast —
The pressure of Love's hand.

OUR ADVOCATE.

THOUGH we be pledged to keep His hand,
And put the world aside,
To see His face in every place,
Whatever may betide ;
Though we be pledged to trace His will
In every step we take,
To bear the test of love confessed,
And all our will to break ;
Though we be true, as true can be,
And wish our pledge to keep, —
Oh, still we know sin conquereth so,
We sin, and then we weep !

If we were strong and never failed,
Or broke our contract through,
The Christ who died, our Crucified,
Had not been scourged anew.

Yet, could we never, never loved,
As we may love to-day,
The pitying heart, which takes our part,
When we have turned astray,—
Our Advocate, our Crucified.
Sin's bond is swept away,
Is satisfied; for Christ hath died,
We need no price to pay.

HIS GIFTS.

H E giveth the victory;
Sin's bitter mastery
Yieldeth to Him.
Though Death reaps mightily,
Beauty fades ceaselessly,
Breathed on by sin.

He giveth eternity
The gift immortality —
Gifts wondrous and best;
The white wings of purity,
His love for our surety,
The sweet breath of rest.

He giveth so regally,
The world giveth meagrely :
 He giveth Himself,—
His breath for our being,
His life for redeeming,
 His love for our wealth.

THE DEAREST NAME.

If Jesus from our faith to-day
Were stricken, and we knew
A Godless creed must meet our need,
That nothing else were true;
If Jesus from our heart were cast,
From pages to be read,—
What word, in all the realm of thought,
Would answer us instead?

If Jesus midst the mists of time
Were lost, and we could know
He never died, our Crucified,
What could the new creed show
To take His place, to vibrate through
The prostrate human mind,
To give the race a standing-place,
A hope for human kind?

If Jesus from our creed to-day
Were stricken, who could trace
Another word the world hath heard
To ever take its place,—
Could ever frame a sound so sweet?
In all the realm of art
Who yet hath known a single tone
So priceless to the heart?

CONSECRATION.

THIS is the sum
Of consecration unto good, that come
What may
Through every day,
Soul, touching soul, be lifted up and blessed;
Life touching life, in influence, confessed
Perhaps without a word, be brightened as by light
Breaking at intervals upon the night
Of error's flood-gates, or the sea
Of human souls. Infinity
Is but a little way beyond the finite; it flashes through
The spaces in between, stirring anew
Life's waning powers, all unaware.
Man angels' work may share,

By living, day by day,
So near the fair unseen in purity,
That where he steps less shadow may be found,
Less sighing of the bound.

A FINISHED COURSE.

A N empty place;
A living dream Love waits to trace
Through all the days; a few gold curls, and on the wall
A shadow traced in color,—this is all.
A little while the bright life shone
With benediction all its own,
And then
God took his wondrous gift again.
Yet standing so, with but the vacant shrine,
I yet can own this child of mine,
Who, as all souls God breathes upon,
Had his allotted course to run,
Was favored, wearing soon the crown
Men agonized to reach, bowed down

By sin and all life's ills. He was so young,
Unspotted from the world, unwrung
By woe, unstained;
Yet life is gained.

Without the cross, save that Death girded on,
He wears the crown.

SIMPLY TO BE THINE.

SIMPLY to believe in thee,
Jesus, crucified for me ;
Simply to be still, and know
Thou art by me, loving so.
This enough. What could I need ?
Just for faith in Thee I plead.

Simply to be still and wait,
Blind enough in this estate ;
Blind, yet sure as sure can be
Thou art crucified for me.
This enough. My Christ will go
With me, till all strength I know.

Simply to be thine, and keep
Close beside Thee, fall asleep
Looking in thy face, redeemed,
Pardoned, as faint Hope had dreamed.
This enough. What could I need,
With Thou, my Christ, to intercede?

RECONCILED.

HER child was glad amid the flowers ;
She laughed with him, and chased the hours
From flower to flower.

“Climb upward; scale the craggy height,”
A voice called from the zenith’s height;
“Lose not thy hour.”

“The mountain-side is steep,” she cried;
“I cannot go; and oh, beside,
The flowers are here!”
Her child wound garlands in the sun;
She smiled upon the joyous one
Who knew no fear.

“Look upward,” plead the chiding voice,
“Not always down.” — “I have no choice,”
The mother cried;

“I needs must watch his wavering feet”
She heard the echoes sad repeat
Her words along the mountain-side.

She turned: the sunlight’s fretted gold
Lay on the flowers, but mocking, cold;
She saw no child.
She tore the garlands from her hair,
Trod flowers to dust, in her despair,
Unreconciled.

“Look higher,” plead the pitying voice.
She raised her eyes,—eyes trained of choice
To look so low,—
And knew the face she sought in vain
Could only look in hers again
Amid the mountain’s crags of snow.

She left the fields. The mountain-side
Was harsh, dark, steep, unglorified;
And would she go?

She sought the path,—a narrow way,—
Crept upward through the hours of day;
Looked not below.

She half forgot the path was steep;
Abysses, yawning dark and deep,
Beset the way;
For, looking upward toward the throne
Of light above, she saw alone
The perfect day.

She gained the wondrous, beckoning height;
Clasped in her arms, with new delight,
The waiting child;
Saw why the voice, in pitying love,
Had taught her eyes to look above,—
Was reconciled.

SOMETIME.

SOMETIME our day
Shall stretch for us so far away,
Across life's humid gold,
That we shall look within the unseen world, and hold
Our breath,
. And drink the new, glad scene. Death
Looks so cold, we turn the face away;
Perhaps we soon would bid it stay,
If we could look beyond the crimsoned line
Of time, define
The mysteries just on the other side,
Forget the tide
Of life within our little world, and know
The things our loved ones knew so long ago.
We pile up facts and reason,
But can change no shape of truth; put treason

For pure trust; believe
The creature can conceive
Of mysteries that Deity hath hidden, and perplex
The troubled winds of time with complex
Questions. Faith's probation
Solves no equation,
But waits, believing we shall know
The reasons for man's woe,
And all things else, sometime when we shall look away
Into the new, fair day.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

NOW, while the purple light is dying
From the western sky away,
And through woodlands paths are sighing
Whispers of departing day,
Kneel where moss-cups thickest grow,
Kneel where violets humbly blow,
And 'mid all that's sweet and fair,
Offer up thy evening prayer.

Hear from yonder feathered throat,
As it swells in gushing song,
Hear the sweet and thrilling note
Borne upon the stream along.
It is praising, it is praying:
Wilt thou, then, be thus delaying?
Listen to the lesson there:
Offer up thy evening prayer.

Now, while the stars are in the skies,
With softened radiance dimly shining
On the lone lake, which calmly lies
With flowers and vines its banks intwining,
Kneel by the silvery light
Of the sentinels of night;
Kneel amid the flowers there:
Offer up thy evening prayer.

LOOK UP.

A RAIN-DROP drifting from a cloud
Was overheard to sigh aloud,—
“Alas, a weary thing it is to be
A little useless drop like me!
There flows a river broad and grand,
And here a stream with silver sand,
And there a brook. Each gladness brings,
Each scatters verdure as it sings;
While but a little drop am *I*,
Quite useless, drifting from the sky;
There's nothing *I* can do or be.
Alas, there is no joy for me!”
A puff of air that drifted by,
And heard it all, paused to reply,—
“Why, foolish Rain-drop, thou shouldst know
That all things are of use: a bow—

Behold it — hangs afar
Above the mountain cliffs; no star
Such beauty wears — a rainbow's rim!
What thought could paint a fairer thing?
And thou, a little Rain-drop small,
Thus sighing, helped to paint it all.
Look not at river's glittering show,
Or silver brooks, or streams below;
But, Rain-drop, look above, and see
The glory God hath given thee."

THE SILVER CROSS.

HE laid in his hand a tangled thorn
Crimsoned with berries, mountain born;
She had nothing else, though his locks were white,—
Nothing to give on the Christmas night.
But he smiled, and laid on her braids of gold
The fingers shrivelled and spare and old,
And was gone; but a cross of silver light
Laid where he stood on the snowdrifts white.

A trifle of porridge — the hands were small
That divided the porridge, then gave it all.
But he smiled, and bowed his locks of white,
Fleckered with snow of the Christmas night,—
Smiled and bent to the child-face cold,
Touched with the fingers shrivelled and old,
And was gone; but a cross of silver light
Laid where he stood on the drifts of white.

Faces peered from cottage and hall,
Out on the midnight, great and small,—
Out on the pilgrim shrivelled and old
Pleading for alms; but who could have told
That the little Christ on the threshold stood
In strange disguise,—for evil or good,—
That the angels bearing His gifts might know
The Blessed by the cross on the drifts of snow.

IN MEMORIAM A. K. H.

I WONDER who was sent,
Who of God's angels closest bent,
And called his name, and nearest pressed to be
The first of all heaven's angels he should see.

What rapture must have swept
Across his unchained soul, and held him rapt,
When first the light of God's eternal day
Awoke for him! No clay
A sensate gift of God, more finely wrought,
Or toned to deeper soundings of sweet thought,
Carried, masked as a child, beneath its purple veins,

Earth's low refrain, of joy and woe,
The song of skies, and brooks below,
And trampled pebbles, sung or wept
Across his spirit. Beauty kept

Continuous vigil for his poet soul,
And round the whole
Of God's created things threw such sweet guise—
Bewilderment of fresh surprise—
That commonest things uncommon estead
Became to him,—God's poems, to be read
And wept or sung about, and held
With tender hands the while he looked and spelled.
God knew
The winds that beat through time blew
Keenest on such spirits ; kept
The child-heart from the winds that swept,
And in His love
Gave him his spirit-wings early, that out above
Time's breath he might go free,
Bathed in the ecstasy
Of light and love and praise,
Perfected, glorified, throughout eternal days.

THE CHOSEN SYMPHONY.

SHE was not beautiful;
At least, they told
Of other faces lovelier to behold.
She was not fair; and yet beyond compare
 The witchery of her braided hair,
 And of the tender light
About the face pure, passionless, and white,
 That kindled yet to be
More subtile in its radiance as it turned to me.
 The dream is dead
They whisper of a prouder form to wed,
 ♦ Of lips yet ruby red!
The wild waves beat the shore; the breaking seas,
As wave meets wave, yield up their symphonies;
The winds upon the beaten rock sing low,
Changing their cadence as they come and go;

• The sea-shell gives its undertone of song.
 To each belong
Its own selected harmony, none others know.
 I hear still echoing as I go
 A symphony my soul hath known,
 Steeping it in its undertone;
 I would not hush the cadence low
 But ever listen as I go.

BEFORE THE SHRINE.

HE sleeps. There is no quiver of the heart;
The lips, how still! Upon the canvas grand
Each figure of his fond creative hand
In breathing fitness stands, a noble part
Of the great whole,—a masterpiece of art.
The work is done. Anguish may not remand
The spirit free. Before the easel-stand,
He rests, with brush and palette, to impart
Some mystic touch: but, cold and still,
He hath forgot the whole dream of the past;
Forgot the feverish dream that once could fill
His being, though it might but cast
A fitful rapture over all, until
His spirit found its perfect rest at last.

MUTE LOVE.

WHAT if Love's lips are mute?
Seas bending low to seas compute
No depths, but, shivering in embrace,
Give strength for strength. Love's face
Is pure,
Steadfast, and sure;
Branded alike with ours:
Branded with storm, and showers,
And fire-breath of the sun:
Love's heart and ours are one.

MUTE SPIRITS OF THE AIR.

ALL things are mute to me.
There used to be

In light, in shade, in air, upon the mountain bare,
A spirit fair
To speak.

No reed was still that quivered by the stone-bound
rill;

No covert deep, but had some strain its own,
That lulled me with its undertone.
Where is the voice I heard?

Some bird
Among the pines calls out; and lo,
I hear an answer as I go,
Tender and soft! The vines above
Seem quivering with the notes of love;

But not on me
The wild bird spends its minstrelsy.
I stand alone,
And in the slumbering brook cast down a stone
To hear it whisper out
Some murmur; but it turns about,
And, quivering in its broken sleep,
Speaks not. I used to hear
Its sweet voice singing in my ear;
I used to know
The song of pebbles, soft and low:
But I have heard the roar of seas,
The clash of tongues, and, more than these,
The spirit flood,
Stirring to fire the kindling blood,
When soul to soul speaks low.
The free wings beat the air, and come and go;
The lights and shadows quiver where they will;
And still
The voices of the air, the sea,
Breathe not in all their symphonies a note for me.

AT REST.

God's gift is laid within her hand; to-day
She rests as only they
Can rest to whom He giveth sleep.
Touch the white lips and weep,
But not for her who is so glad and free,
No more athirst for God's immensity,
And all it holds. To-day,
An hour ago,—so near, yet far away
The bright unseen,
With nought between
But this frail veil which she hath cast aside,—
To-day to life intensified
She passed, falling asleep, and so
Left the dim reign of fear, and every woe,
Leaving us standing on the shore of sighs, too blind
To follow where she passed. Wind

The fair threads of her pure life together, one by
one, —

Her weaving days are done, —
But, winding them with sighs,
Be glad again for her sake, — love's hardest sacrifice.

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

WHO needs a promise for to-morrow?
W To-day we borrow

Light for the next near step; patience, resolve,

Endurance. Who needs to solve

More than to-day's demands,

Knowing that in His hands

A full supply remains of all which He has given?

Driven

Before the world's bleak winds, or rapt

To glad entrancement, in all the world hath kept

Of its first glory, the gift we pray

Is only for to-day;

For just the hour, indeed, the moment passing now.

He knoweth how

To give,

And we but need to live

Assured His love will know
The test-hours of our woe,
And send
Help always, to the end.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

LOVE cannot doubt.
It thinketh out
But tender words to dream about;
It must believe,—
Could love deceive?
Love trusts. It may be told
Love turneth cold as the spent day;
But it will say,
“Because I am, faith is, and so
My love I know.”

INCOMPLETE.

WERE the air quite at rest,

There would be no sad sighing of the

wind, no woe compressed

In its low moan.

Were the sea content, not seeking, but alone

Complete, without a restless yearning for some future

shore,

Forevermore

Its wailing would be hushed.

Were life complete within this finite, untouched

By throes born of the infinite, unscathed

By fires red-hot, unlaved

By torturing floods of longing; were the souls

In time to drink the whole

Of its full draught and die,—

Life would go by

As the bright moth's fair day,
Mortal, satiate, complete in all which fades away.
The soul eternal, restive, evermore
Reaches, with longings undefined, toward the eternal
shore,
Catching the ripples, grasping the beaten foam,
Pursuing where the deep seas moan,
Unsatisfied and incomplete,
Eager in hope, reaching to meet
The next far wave, and knowing all the way how sad
to be
A waif of immortality.

THEIR POEMS.

THERE be ships upon the sea
Supreme in majesty,
And there be little craft so small
They scarcely count at all;
Prosaic, humble waifs
The sea chaffs
Rudely on. Life's sea is wide,
With stately crafts, blazoned and fair, on every side.
But some, less fair,
Ride toward the harbor brown and bare,
With scarce a sail; yet day by day,
For His own sake who bid them sail away,
They bravely go,
Bearing their weights, and bending low;
And if the sky of blue,
The bird's wings fair of hue,

The burnished sands, be poems to be read,
So are the lives of these. Red
Is the sunset air,
Beauty great ships may wear,
But grand
Is the life bent to prosaic tasks at God's command.

WHILE YOU MAY.

HAVE you flowers for the dead?
While the lips are red
Send the flowers;
While the hand can hold,
And the heart can be told
Sweet words in its fettered hours.

Have you honor or praise?
In the rest and silence of coming days,
When the struggle is done,
Will it matter at all
What words you let fall
By the silent one?

Have you tender breath?
In life, not in death,
 Let the breath be breathed.
The struggle is now;
The cold, cold brow
 Cares not if trodden or wreathed.

In the race of life,
In the bitterness strife,
 Give your praise.
You will never regret
That you paid the sweet debt
While the blood could beat,
And the heart could repeat
 Your words in its troubled days.

A LEGEND OF LUCCA.

THE Moorish chief in his fortress strong
Had merrily feasted, loud and long,
When a courier, mounting the rugged height,
Clattered along at the dead of night,—
A courier gasping his fierce alarum,
“The cross! the cross! its crimson arm,
Its thousand banners, are planted below;
And the mountains throb with the treading foe.”

But the chieftain sat in his eyrie hall,
In fortress of Lucca grave and tall;
And he deeper drank, and he feasted long,
And laughed as he thought of his fortress strong.

He laughed as he thought of the labyrinth grim
That swept from the foemen up to him ;
Of the guarded way, of chasm, ravine,
Of gorge and crag, which frowned between.

Steadily onward the banners of Spain
Swept with the bands of their valiant train ;
From rock to rock the proud hosts swung,
Grenada's wilds with echoes rung.
Yet as they onward ever wound,
No passage to the heights was found, —
No passage where in grandeur swept
Ravine, abyss ; where granites slept.

Where Lucca's eyrie ramparts clung,
The vaunting crescent still was flung.
Bravely the glittering bands had pressed
Through mazes dim, on mountain's crest,
In vain. Dismay sat on each face ;
Each viewed again his vantage-place.
The wearied, discontented host
Together pressed, — the cause was lost.

Each horseman drew his courser's rein;
Each warrior, frowning, turned again.

But light upon the mountain fell,—
A sudden light, the legends tell,
A light that as a pathway lay,
Leading to Lucca's fortress gray;
And leading on past gorge, ravine,
A heavenly form was clearly seen.
Pale, eager faces onward sprung,
Proud banners to the winds were flung,
Ten thousand warriors strode along,
The glittering spearmen clattered on.
Before the Spanish banners fell
The crescent of the citadel.

Granada's fortresses no more
Are darkly stained with Moorish gore;
Yet on the granite's rugged crest
Are prints of hoofs distinctly pressed,—
Prints struck from hoofs of frenzied fire,
Hoofs quickened by a chieftain's ire,—

A chieftain who had mocked and sung,
Yet who to fleet horse quickly sprung,
His doom to meet, when conquerors came,
Dashing from off the heights amain.
Still in its wavering, broken lines,
Amid the rocky labyrinth, twines
The pathway where the holy light
From heaven fell on Lucca's height,
Leading where victory's shouts were rung,
And Spanish banners proudly flung.

TIME'S FIAT.

RIFTED and torn,
The white clouds, borne
Upon the wind, go silently on, side by side,
Wrung into shreds, beaten to darkness, glorified,
Like human lives, alone amid a myriad pressing near,
 Pressed close, waiting to hear
 If there perchance might be
Some breath which they might drink, along the sea
Of souls, till lightning's flash spans the wide air
And finds its own. Man smiles in his despair,
Laughs in his anguish, scorns pity, hides
 All where yet he would confide
The most, shivers in desolation 'neath his mask,
Listens for echoes of his triumphs, turns to his task,
 Holds many clinging hands,
Speaks in the syllables of time, commands

His lips to service; but who knows
Or meets him at his shrine? Some shaft of light
goes
As the clouds ecstatic flash, spanning the air,
Out to some passer-by, perhaps all unaware;
 But side by side,
 Rifted and dark, or glorified,
Lives drift, pressed close, unknowing and unknown,
 Unalterably alone.

GATHERED FLOWERS.

THERE rose a lily-shaft, with diadem
More fair than that of kings; light turned
again
To linger where it stood, and round about
The world grew glad. Then, reaching out,
A royal hand the lily chose,—
Mortal, though throned midst light's repose,—
And it became
Immortal in the royal name
Of him who chose it from the rest,
To bear upon his breast.

She grew, fairer than blossoms born of spring;
A child, with eyes to see each holy thing
Sweet life can hold,
And lips apart in wonder or in song. Behold,
/

The world grew glad a little space
With looking in her face,—
Mortal though bright,
Throned amidst spirit light;—
And then a royal Hand
Reached forth, and chose one spirit more to stand
Amidst a deeper light, and she became
Immortal in the royal Name.

HEREAFTER.

NOT yet;
Not while the eyes are wet

With tears,

Not while the heart is swept by fears;

Not now, but afterward, when free,

When standing in the light, unshadowed, we shall see

Why pitying Love burned, one by one,

Our little idols, sometimes sparing none,

But leaving us so bare that we would fain

Call, in sheer loneliness, upon His name.

Hereafter, when the tears are shed,

When life's last chapter has been read,

With all its troubled words, we shall be glad

So many days he made us sad;

Read, standing in the light, and know

Love's every reason for our woe.

JUST THE CROSS.

JUST the Cross, naught else beside
Jesus, bruised and crucified ;
Not a plea, no grace to claim,
Nothing, nothing but His name.
Dare I trust ? Oh, can it be
Jesus' cross may be my plea ?

Cross of love where Christ hath died,
Cross of Jesus crucified,
Could I turn away and try
Other way to justify
All my faults, nor dare believe
He will pardon and receive ?

If the secret seemed too great
Just at first, and I must wait,

Reading it with wondering eyes,
Widening to a glad surprise,—
It is sure as sure can be,
Christ was crucified for me.

GOD'S PRESENCE.

WHEN some great cross is laid across our way
we say,

“God chose this cross to be

My burden; though it woundeth me,

I am content:”

But when the fair sky of our day is rent

By lesser ills of life, and we

Go blundering into ways we could not see;

Start, wounded by man's hand;

And stand

Impatiently perplexed, we say,

“Man and bewildering circumstance combine to lay

My plans upon the dust, my peace to take:”

And, so forgotten, we would make

Of second-causes power which only dwells

With God. He spells

The wording of life's page with stammering lip who
reads

That chance, or man's mistaking hand, leads
On the thread of life. God rules.

The tools

Of evil, by His hand constrained,
Work out His bidding, and, though stained
Life's record, in between us and all second-cause
God stands, permitting or restraining; and because
His presence is our shield, we well may say,
"No chance befalls me any day,
And men are but His tools, to shape me still
A closer pattern of His will."

IF.

I CANNOT tell how spheres were made,
Or man created, or granites stayed
In sculptured crests; I do not know
Why death prevails, or souls in woe
Wail night and day; I cannot read
The world's blurred page; but all my need
Is met in this,—God rules; and so
Whatever is, I know, I know,
Is planned of love, was made to be
Beneficent in ministry.

I cannot tell why suns shine red,
And jaspers gleam, and flowers are fed
Above the dust of race on race,
Or why is laid on beauty's face

Damp earth; but this I know,
Beneficence has planned it so,
And has the reasons we might see
If we were only Deity.

OUR GIFT.

A LOOK toward heaven; a thought of charity;
a gift;
 A knee bent in swift
Adoration; praise from the lip;
 A heart stilled to deep worship;
 Days strong in sacrifice;
 Deeds gentle in device;
 Contrition, sighs, self-strictures, tears,
 Desire of years,—
These will not answer. To fill
His just request, the gift must be our will,
 Surrender
Bought of love, uncompromised, which only love can
render

Wholly. What can we give to Him,—all things
His own?

Our love and will alone;
Counting no cost nor hardness, simply for His sake
Our will to break

In many places, and our course to bend
Close to His own desire. What that the gift may
rend

Some chosen lines of life,
Cut short pursuit, rife
With fair promise? Choosing
We keep our will, and all it yields, refusing
God's waiting hand, or lay
Our own in His, and say,
With gladness which our gift hath won,
“Thy will be done.”

BY FAITH.

IF I would see Him as He is,
If I would really know
His dwelling-place, His loving face,
The secrets of man's woe;
If I would look in wonder down
On time's each strange decree,—
Then I must wait for man's estate
Past time's mortality.

If I would read with clearer eyes
The secret of His will,
And know by sight, He rules aright
Love's mandate to fulfil;
If I would know as I am known,
Life's problems puzzle out,—
Then I must wait, no whit too late
All this to know about.

If I should reach to understand
The mysteries of time,
I soon would find the veil behind
Which none may ever go
Till He hath led them by the hand.
Faith must my leader be
Till He shall take my hand, and break
The veil, mortality.

OUR EASTERTIDE.

HE giveth first sweet sleep:
Silence His own to keep
After the troubled way
Of life, and then — transcendent day.

He giveth first death's silence, lost in dreams
Of fair, far things, then — gleams
Of new sweet morning, mystified
In all perfected harmonies of glorified
Fair day; awakening supreme
In immortality's bewildering dream
Of life perfected.

He giveth first to look on sin, and choose
The colors which the hand would use

Along life's ways
In touching time's fair pageantry; and days
To read His name
In every tint of gold or flame,
Or transient glory, born from hour to hour,
On cloud or flower,
And then—to look far past
Time's dim prismatic hues, upon the light at last.

He giveth one sweet Eastertide
To every spirit glorified,
After death's sleep:
Surprise of rapture, waking from the deep,
Sad night of time, far, far away
To a perfected day.

Life conquered when the Crucified
Death's hand defied,
And put aside mortality to rise
Victorious to His native skies,
That we who sleep,
And midst immortal longings fall asleep,

May start exultant from the dream of death,
Victorious, ransomed; time's hot breath
Lost in the tide of life He gives
Who died upon the cross yet lives.

SURRENDERED WILL.

GOD ordereth the way;
Though I to-day

May think I know quite well the steps to take

Toward certain ends; could make,

Were certain obstacles cut down,

The hand of circumstance to crown

Poor wearied hope, and so press toward that end.

If I could hold more quietly the Hand, and bend,

Perhaps, less toward the plans I see,

He could help more; do more for me.

Often when we cease struggling, lying at His feet,

He does our will complete.

TIME'S PAGEANTRY.

A LITTLE shadow cast upon the wall
Flecked in with sunshine, this is all;
A little wavering strip of light and shade,
Half earth, half sky, blent in and made
So real and unreal, intangible, yet nigh;
There, and yet gone before a sigh
Can breathe across the air,
A part of time's fair pageant. Here, too, a maze of
hair
Stained every hue of gold
Twined to all curves that tongue hath told;
Blown into eyes which might have been
Too beautiful for sin
To gaze on, and lips rare
In their bewilderment of signs,—there

While we look across, and breathe
Long breaths with looking hard, a tithe
Of nature's pageantry, fanning the heart to burn
Itself to embers. But we turn,
And looking back again—
See streaks of rain,
Or tears, or lines of newer forms;
Bleak walls, some figure riven of storms,
Or some fair stain of crimson, violet, gold,
Our eyes have revelled in from time of old,
Parts of time's pageantry, born of still wondrous
wings
To stir the harmonies of sensate things.

CHRIST THE CONSOLER.

If hearts be weeping,
Silence keeping,
Midst life's woe;
If death invadeth,
If sin persuadeth,—
Our Christ doth know.

If love forgetteth,
Friendship but fretteth,
Growing cold:
If lips lie burning,
Hands reach in yearning,
Need Christ be told?

If gold forsaketh,
If want awaketh,
 Drawing near;
If anguish crieth,
If sorrow sigheth,
 Our Christ can hear.

If Christ can hear us,
If Christ console us,
 Bending near,
Though sin persuadeth,
Though death invadeth,
 We know no fear.

FROM BETHLEHEM TO JERUSALEM.

A FAR, sweet song
Echoed one night, along
The plains of Bethlehem, and rung
New, wondrous changes, tongue
Had never known
Through all the centuries flown.
And rapt, exultant time
Took up the chime
Of angel voices, swelling in amaze,
Redemption's natal song of praise.

All unaware
That such a royal gift her heart should bear,
Fair Bethlehem slept that night, nor dreamed such
fate
Could fall to one of low estate,

Nor knew within her manger-bed
The Christ was laid, till overhead
Light, flooding all the wondering skies,
Bore wings of angels, in surprise,
Bending from heaven's throne above
To herald Christ, the gift of love.

When Galilee's tempestuous sea
Trembled beneath the foot of Deity,
And breathlessly stood still
To do His will;
Or, when in pulsing beat
It heard the winds repeat
Love's message, grand and free,
Of immortality,
Redemption's song swept on from crest to crest
Of its fair waves, with promises of rest.

When on Mount Olivet's brow
Christ, the uncrowned, would bow
In nature's temple to repeat,
Beneath the stars, His intercession, love-replete,

And man beheld
The mystery of sin, felled
At its root by pardon won,
Redemption's song about the Holy One
Awoke anew and still,
With depths intensified, swept on from hill to hill.

When, scourged and crucified,
Our sacrificed One died
Outside Jerusalem's gate,
And wept the fate
Of her fair streets, her temple rent in twain,
Her crimson stain
Of sin, redemption's song of triumph dared proclaim.
A world redeemed in Jesus' name.

Jerusalem so fair!
Imperious in her beauty; chosen to bear
Upon her breast the mark of God;
To hold her hands to heaven; shod
With the sandals of sweet peace;
Consecrate; where man could turn to pray and cease

From sin—
How different all her future might have been
Had she but known
Messiah by His love alone!

To-day, across the waste of time,
Exultant voices chime
Sweet alleluias of the Christ who died,—
Yet death defied,—
One grand, tumultuous sea
Of voices, sweeping through immensity ;
The song of souls redeemed, for Christ the crowned,
Jerusalem's bleeding wounds has bound,
A new Jerusalem, to be
Ransomed to immortality.

WORDS OF PRAISE.

JESUS the Christ is born.
In adoration
Bow, giving love for love
In exultation.
Jesus the Christ, the King,
Comes to redeem us,
Comes giving life for life,
From death to free us.

Jesus, the loving one,
Peace interceding,
Lives, all sin's debt to pay
In love exceeding.
Born humbly as a child,

Sweet babe so lowly,
Cradled in manger-bed;
Human, yet holy.

Jesus, the crowned one, hail
In adoration;
Earth's lips the name repeat
In exultation.
Skies, crimson banners spread
In refted splendor,
Suns burn in mystic gold,
Hail our defender.

IDEAL'S BIRTH.

WE look through mists of blossoms and new
day,

All things irradiate, and stay
Bent forward in the light to gaze
If there perchance might be, amidst the haze
And mystery of sensate things, a human soul—
Breathless with ours, before the whole
Sweet radiance of time—lost and apart;
And if, perchance, we start
Back suddenly to find some dreamy face
Touched with a sense of wonder, and pleased grace
At new day's light, we shut our eyes and dream;
Idealize, and seem
To stand in some rapt presence undefined,
Which time designed

For us alone, and could not well repeat
In all the centuries ; and it were sweet
To stand so, with our closed lids down,
Reaching to touch a hand, Renown
Should stoop to kiss, and dream,
As though things were which seem,
And Ideal's birth could never be
Swept bare of all identity.

JEHOVAH-JIREH.

PROVIDE? It is a time of eventide:
What will His love provide?
Light for the steps ahead;
The daily bread;
The sunshine and the showers
For coming hours;
All that may needed be
For you, for me.

When will His love provide? To-day;
To-morrow. We but lay
Our hand in His, and know
He will provide the way to go,
And, with the power all wants to read,
Will satisfy our need.

Because we do not see
The wisest paths for you and me,
And are so blind,
His tender hand will help us find
The true way home. Though it be eventide
And we not brave, in Him we all confide.

TO BE CONTENT.

FATHER, I do not ask
That thou wilt choose some other task,
And make it mine. I pray
But this: let every day
Be moulded still
By thy own hand; my will
Be only thine, however deep
I have to bend thy hand to keep.
Let me not simply do, but be content,
Sure that the little crosses each are sent,
And no mistake can ever be
With thy own hand to choose for me.

A LEGACY.

GIVE me the bow, boy Henrique; I yet can
draw it so

Across and so: you hear the tones, and know
Strings only give such strains in answer to a touch
For which one giveth much!

Hear it?

Ah, boy! you hold your breath; I fear it
Was a wrong I did—your lips part listening—I
know

It was not kind: you will but go
Down all time's way shivering and sad.

I know I was but mad
To quicken you to hear. Stay,
This is the last! I may not play
Again, and you must cast the bow and all away

When I am dead. You cannot? Fear
Must drive you to it. Would you lie here
A broken strand? You could not make the great
world hear

If you should try;
You could but yearn to speak to it and die,
As I do now, of hunger, fed
Alone by this sweet mystery of tone,
Which may, indeed, atone
For all things else in me: but you?
See my wan hands; the ashen hue
Along them, and my face—
Go hang these yonder in the same old place
Till I am dead, and then—
You will not? Stay; touch you once again
That string!
It is a living thing,
And when it feels warm breath
It stirs. Is death
An ill bought so?
Is there a joy that costs no price in woe?

Oh, play to me! I must hear more: and you?
 What *can* you do,
With such a soul, but pay for love in life? Joy
 bears its price.

When Love and Joy entice,
 All else is left behind.

Henrique, when you the bitter find
 Of such sweet joy, forget
 Who taught you here.

 And yet,

If you should ever dash one tear
 Away for me, who died so sad,
 When skies were blue and glad
For other eyes, oh, surely I would know!

 I thought that dear old bow
 And I would be so rich and glad—
 We were so gay and mad
 In joyousness, we two,
 When we together grew
To such companionship, and every string
 Learned how to bring